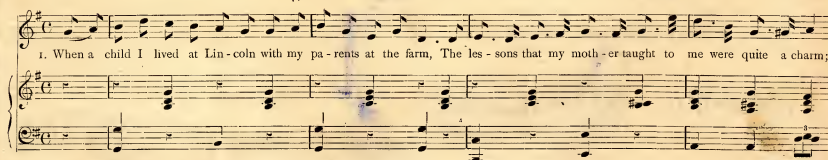


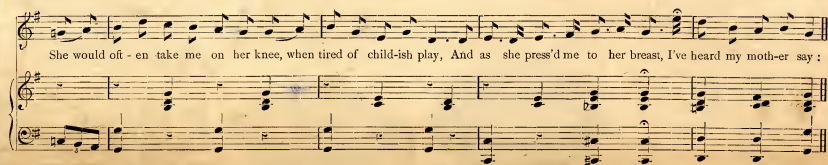
You never miss the Water till

The Well runs Dry.

ROWLAND HOWARD.

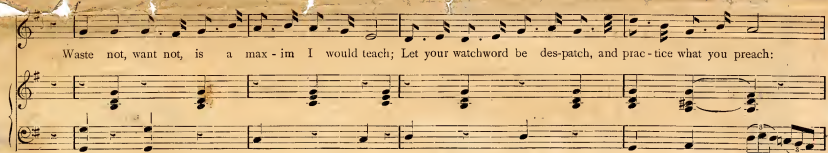


1. When a child I lived at Lin-coln with my pa-rents at the farm, The les-sons that my moth-er taught to me were quite a charm;

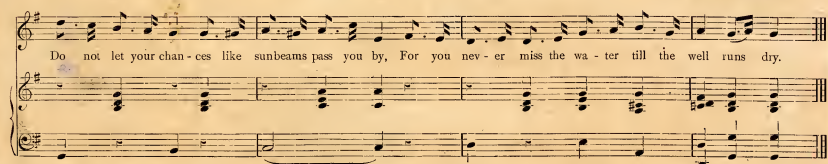


She would oft-en take me on her knee, when tired of child-ish play, And as she press'd me to her breast, I've heard my moth-er say :

Chorus.



Waste not, want not, is a max-im I would teach; Let your watchword be des-patch, and prac-tice what you preach:



Do not let your chan-ces like sunbeams pass you by, For you nev-er miss the wa-ter till the well runs dry.

2 As years rolled on I grew to be
A mischief-making boy,
Destruction seem'd my only sport,
It was my only joy.
And well do I remember when
Oftimes well chastised,
How father sat beside me then,
And thus has me advised:—Cho.

3 When I arriv'd at manhood,
I embark'd in public life,
And found it was a rugged road,

Bestrown with care and strife;
I speculated foolishly,
My losses were severe,
But still a tiny little voice
Kept whisp'ring in my ear:—Cho.

4 Then I studied strict economy,
And found, to my surprise,
My funds instead of sinking
Very quickly then did rise;
I grasp'd each chance, and always "struck
The iron while 'twas hot;"

I seiz'd my opportunities,
And never once forgot:—Cho.

5 I'm married now and happy,
I've a careful little wife;
We live in peace and harmony,
Devoid of care and strife;
Fortune smiles upon us,
We have little children three;
The lesson that I teach them,
As they prattle round my knee:—Cho.